Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe.

And thus as olde Ankises sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloudy Greekes:
Euen so will I: but stay, heres one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his father: fights with him, and Richard flies away againe.

Out crookbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,
But I will after thee, and once againe,
When I haue borne my father to his tent,
Ile trie my fortune better with thee.

exit yong Clifford with his father.

Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the duke of Buckingham wounded to his Tent.

Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queene Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,
Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them,
Come, stand not to expostulate, lets go.

King Come then faire Queene, to London let vs haste,
And summon a parlament with speede,
To stop the fury of these dyre euents.

exeunt King and Queene.

Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the duke of Yorke and Richard.

Yorke How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath beene,
I hope to vs and ours for Englands good,
And our great honor, that so long we lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry, did vsurpe our rights:
But did you see old Salsbury since we
With bloudy minds did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the losse of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.

Rich.

Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his lance with his old weary armes,
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrice this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eies beheld.

Enter Salsbury and Warwicke.

Edw. See noble father where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

Salsb. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of Yorkes increasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast preserude my life.

Yorke What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There (as I heare) to hold a Parlament.
What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them, nay before them if we can:
Now by my Faith Lords twas a glorious day,
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shal be eternizd in all age to come,
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such daies as these to vs befall. *exeunt.*

FINIS.

Ashpenult- eternest—